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## Valentine's Day



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### Chapter 1 by Jack Frost

Every year it's the same. I'm always alone for Valentine's day with no one to love. Except for my cat, but i don't know if he counts. I sit in my room dreaming of what my life would be like if i had some one who loved me.

I've had this crush on a boy for a long time. His name is Andy Clementine, and he's the hottest boy in our school. My locker is right next to his but he never notices me. You see i'm like the nerd of the school, but a cool thing is my name is Alex Valentine, so i kinda have a holiday named after me, which is cool, and all. So you would think i would have a boy friend, but i dont. The only boy i've ever talked to is my next door neighbor Tim, and he is cute and all but he already has a girl friend. So he's out of the question. So here i am four days until Valentine's day with no boyfriend, and no ice cream to drown my sorrows.

### Chapter 2 by R



I was probably one of the only people not in a lovestruck mood at school that friday- though not through lack of trying. I wished so much that I could share this day in love, but it seemed that I was doomed for loneliness forever.

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'Hey - you seem like someone who isn't caught up in all that junk. Am I right, or am I right?" He said, and I blanked. He was talking to me. Andy was talking to me.

I quickly glanced behind me, just to be sure, but there was no one there. "Uh, yeah." I said, freaking out. "It's such a capitalist holiday, right?"

He laughed at that, smiling. "That's totally legit." He said with a faux-serious nod. "I mean, if you look at the background of it the whole thing is just off. I mean, it's just the prettied up christian version of Lupercalia to begin with, and then they made it in to such a cheap buy-out holiday, you know?"

I did, actually, about Luberclia and about everything else. I thought it was kind of sweet, love itself, but I'd never had anyone to spend the day with. "Yeah, we should all just go back to sacrificing goats and running around half naked whipping women to promote babies." I said, sarcastically, and that earned me another laugh and a charming smile.

"You're a pretty cool person." He said, and my heart fluttered. "I know that I know you, but I'm really sorry because I'm bad with names. What's yours?" He asked me, and I blanked.

"Alex. Alex Valentine." I said, and I started to offer my hand out but pulled it back to stuff it in to my pocket. I was too nervous. I just wished I wasn't blushing to much.

"Valentine? That has to suck, especially this time of year." Andy said seriously. The bell rang, and his face dropped. "Ugh. Class. Well, I'll see you around, my Valentine."

With that, he walked off, and I was left there beet red and staring after him. I kept waiting for the ball to drop, for someone to tell me that I'd been the victim of that nasty prank where people pretend to like you."

After a few fearful moments where nothing happened, I just shoved my locker closed and hurried off to class.

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